

*Arc.* Then Ile leave you: you are a Beast now:

*Pal.* As thou makst me, Traytour.

*Arc.* Ther's all things needfull, files and shirts, and, per-  
Ile come againe some two howres hence, and bring  
That that shall quiet all,

*Pal.* A Sword and Armour:

*Arc.* Feare me not; you are now too so wic; farewell.  
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought;

*Pal.* Sir ha:

*Arc.* Ile heare no more.

*Pal.* If he keepe touch, he dies for't.

*Scena 4. Enter Taylors daughter.*

*Dangh.* I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,  
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:  
The Sun has seene my Folly: *Palamon;*  
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?  
Yonder's the sea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles  
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;  
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,  
Ther's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry?  
Vpon her before the winde, you'l loose all els:  
Vp with a course or two, and take about Boyes.  
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,  
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me  
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make  
A Carecke of a Cockle shell, and sayle  
By east and North East to the King of *Pignes,*  
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father  
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice  
To morrow morning, Ile say never a word.

*Sing.*

For ile cut my greene coat, asfoote above my knee,  
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.

hey, nenny, nonny, nonny,

He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride

And ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is so wide  
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breast  
Against

Against. I shall sleepe like a Top else.

*Exit.*

*Scena 6. Enter a Schoole master. 4. Countrymen; and  
Baum. 2. or 3. wenches, with a Taborer.*

*Sch.* Fy, fy, what tediousity, & disensanity is here among ye?  
have my Rudiments bin labourd so long with ye? milkd unto  
ye, and by a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow of  
my understanding laid upon ye? and do you still cry where,  
and how, & wherfore? you most course freeze capacities, ye  
jave Iudgements, have I saide thus let be, and there let be,  
and then let be, and no man understand mee, *proh deum,*  
*medius fidius,* ye are all dunces: For why here stand I.  
Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the  
Duke appeares, I meete him and unto him I utter learned  
things, and many figures, he heares, and nods, and hums, and  
then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I fling my Cap  
up; marke there; then do you as once did *Meleager*, and the  
*Bere* break comly out before him: like true lovers, cast your  
selves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and  
turne Boyes.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master *Gerrold.*
2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborour.
3. Why *Timothy.*

*Tab.* Here my mad boyes, have at ye.

*Sch.* But I say where's their women?

4. Here's *Fritz* and *Maudline.*

*(Barbery.)*

2. And little *Luce* with the white legs, and bouncing

1. And freckled *Nel;* that never faild her Master.

*Sch.* Wher be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies  
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly  
And now and then a fauour, and a friske.

*Nel.* Let us alone Sir.

*Sch.* Wher's the rest o'th Musicke.

3. Dispersd as you commanded.

*Sch.* Couple then

And see what's wanting; wher's the *Bavian?*  
My friend, carry your taile without offence  
Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure  
You tumble with audacity, and manhood,

G 2

And